

YOUR LOAF TO COST ONE SHILLING ON MONDAY

The Daily Mirror

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One Penny.

SERBIANS MOURN THEIR BENEFACTOR: GREAT ALLIED TRIBUTE
TO MRS. HARLEY, LORD FRENCH'S SISTER.



Carrying the bier to the British military cemetery at Zeitlnik. The deceased lady's two daughters were the chief mourners. In circle Mrs. Harley.—(Official photograph.)



Near the spot where Mrs. Harley was killed.—(French official.)



Serbian child who recited a poem.—(Official.)



Soldier helps a refugee to light a candle.—(Official photograph.)

There were touching tributes from Serbians at the funeral of Mrs. Harley, Lord French's sister, who was killed by an enemy shell while on duty at Monastir. A little Serbian girl recited a poem at the graveside, while a woman refugee brought a wreath and lit a

candle. Prince George of Serbia, General Milne, Lord Granville, Admiral Troubridge, all the members of the Serbian General Staff and a great crowd of officers from the French, Russian, Italian and Serbian Armies walked behind the coffin.

ONE SHILLING LOAF ON MONDAY.

Food Hoarding and Plan to Search Houses.

PROTEST IN COMMONS.

The price of bread in London will be raised to a shilling a four-pound loaf on Monday next.

This is the decision of the Incorporated Society of Principal Wholesale and Retail Bakers.

It is stated that this is found to be necessary by the fact that the new flour, together with the increased weight of the loaf, makes twelve quarters of bread per sack less.

TRACKING THE HOARDER.

Captain Bathurst, who represents the Food Controller in the House of Commons, made an important statement last night on the food question. His points were—

The order against hoarding would be issued in a few days, and would not apply to sugar or salt.

Hoarding members need not be alarmed at the prospect of their houses being invaded by the police with search warrants, unless some members of their families had been ordering abnormal supplies.

An easy way of discovering if hoarding was taking place was open to the Food Controller, viz., to call for the inspection of trade books.

In respect of the shortage of food and the activity of enemy submarines, the poorer classes in this country were suffering less from shortage of food than the people of any other belligerent country.

In all these food questions people must exercise a sense of proportion. It was conceivable that the supplies of sugar would not be so large as they were to-day; but that was no reason why the country should get into a state of panic.

It was no reason why food riots should occur such as might interfere with the successful prosecution of the war.

We might have to go short on a good many commodities; but we should not allow the spirit of restlessness to prevail.

The best method for all patriots who could afford substitutes was to go absolutely without potatoes during the next two or three months.

If well-to-do persons would be self-denying enough to do that, he believed the potato supply would last at any rate for another two months, and possibly until the new potato crop came upon the market.

It was probable that the Manchester system of one milk delivery a day would be adopted in other centres.

Mr. J. H. Henderson said the Food Controller was going to penalise hoarding, and institute a system of police inspection.

He would oppose any domiciliary visits, even if it landed him in gaol. (Cries: "Oh!")

Dealing with the coal shortage, Mr. Henderson told how an ex-Cabinet Minister had to send someone in his motor-car to search for a sack of coal with which to cook his dinner.

NO MORE SUPPERS?

A suggested new food regulation prohibiting the sale of meat in hotels and restaurants before 11 a.m. and after 9.30 p.m. would, it is expected, effect a considerable saving.

The extent to which meat is eaten before eleven in the morning and after 9.30 in the evening is really astonishing," admitted a hotel manager to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

WHY FOOD IS DEAR.

The second and third reports of the Committee appointed by Mr. Runciman to investigate the principal causes which have led to the increase of prices of commodities since the beginning of the war were issued yesterday.

Their principal findings were as follows—
Potatoes.—The cost of production, stated the Committee, had risen considerably, and the generally enhanced cost of seed might be expected further to increase the expenses of the producers in 1917.

Tea.—The Committee closely investigated a representation that the continued rise in wholesale prices in April and May, 1916, was largely due to heavy speculative buying by a particular London broker, who bought large quantities for which he had not received orders.

Bread.—The Committee found that the rise in the cost of flour retarded the bulk of the increase in the price of bread.

The main factors in the very serious rise in prices were the heavy consumption of the army, the necessity for accumulating emergency stocks in the Entente countries, the requirements of several neutral European Governments, and especially the loss of the Black Sea supplies and the heavy buying in America by European Governments.

KAISER'S BREAKDOWN

Emperor Goes to Homburg to Recuperate Shattered Nerves.

CHANCELLOR'S VISIT.

THE HAGUE, Friday.—According to private messages which have reached here, the Kaiser's health has for some time past been very poor, and he is now suffering from a nervous breakdown.

His doctors, it is stated, have insisted upon his taking the cure at a health resort, and he has accordingly left for Homburg, where he will receive the Imperial Chancellor's visit instead of at headquarters, as had been arranged.—*Central News.*

"Serious Riots in Berlin."—Swiss newspapers yesterday, says a Berne Exchange message, give prominence to reports of serious riots in Berlin and Hamburg. The Berlin disorders are stated to have been suppressed with difficulty.

"German an Insult."—A Wireless Press Berne message describes a scene which occurred in the Hungarian Chamber of Deputies when the Premier, Count Tisza, read a letter in German which he had written to the Austrian Premier, the Opposition protesting violently against a single word being uttered in German.

Count Tisza threatened to prorogue Parliament if members attacked Germany, whereupon Deputy Kaskovsky shouted, "Revolution would be a useful response to Count Tisza's menace."

"SORT OF MOSLEM WIFE."

Remarkable Story of Marriage of an Indian Student.

A remarkable story of an Indian student's marriage was told at the Old Bailey yesterday, when Ahmed Hajee Allam, twenty-three, medical student, was indicted for making a false declaration for the purpose of procuring a marriage between himself and Fry Abrey.

It was alleged that on February 15 in a notice of marriage to the Superintendent Registrar at Islington, he declared that Miss Abrey was twenty-one, whereas she was seventeen.

The following day he cancelled the notice, and later called upon Miss Abrey's father and proposed.

"SUNDAY PICTORIAL."

Will there soon be a big battle in the open on the western front?

Some most enlightening conclusions from and explanations of Hindenburg's great moves are given by Colonel A. M. Murray, C.B., M.V.O., in to-morrow's *Sunday Pictorial*.

Mr. L. G. George contributes a thoughtful article on the innate jealousy that exists between man and woman.

"The Great Trail" is the title of Mr. Horatio Bottomley's article dealing with the great Franco-British advance.

duced a document purporting to be a certificate of marriage celebrated in accordance with Islamic rites.

Thomas Abrey stated that he never consented to his daughter's marriage.

Defendant, in the witness-box, said that when he met Miss Abrey last year she informed him that she was twenty.

Prisoner was found guilty and sentenced to two months' imprisonment in the second division.

The Judge said that it was a serious thing for people like him to get hold of English girls and make a sort of Moslem wives of them.

POSTMEN WITH COLOURS.

68,000 Employees in Khaki—
Nearly 2,000 Killed in Battle.

Sixty-eight thousand postal employees had joined the colours up to November 1 and the military authorities had been informed that 7,000 more would be set free when required, said the Postmaster-General in his annual report. Nearly 2,000 Post Office employees have lost their lives, two postmen have gained the V.C. and over 200 other employees have gained decorations.

The Post Office collects nearly 11,000,000 letters and 875,000 parcels weekly for troops abroad.

RUSSIANS ROUT TURKS.

Foe Retreat on Line Towards
Which British Are Advancing.

RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.

Persia.—In the direction of Kasr-shirin our troops on March 15, after a battle lasting for sixteen hours, dislodged the Turks from their positions near Charezia, occupied Ali-Abad, three and one-third miles distant from Kerind, and entered into combat with a Turkish division.

The Turkish line of retreat is covered with wagons, cartridges and with corpses.—*Admiralty per Wireless.*

Kerind is fifty miles from Khanikin, the Turco-Persian frontier town to which the Turks are retreating and for which the British are making in order to cut off their retreat and to join up with the Russians.

General Maude's forces were last reported at Bakuba, sixty miles south-west of Khanikin.

HAVE YOU ENROLLED?

Great Recruiting Campaign Opens
To-day for National Service.

THE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE.

To-day is the first day of "National Service Week"—a week of public meetings and demonstrations with the object of recruiting volunteers for Britain's great industrial army.

The object of the appeal Mr. Neville Chamberlain, the Director of National Service, explains, is to form a register of workers willing to undertake work of national importance.

No volunteer must give up his job and expect to be immediately used as a volunteer. He must continue his present work until he is called up.

The signing of the enrolment form, Mr. Chamberlain adds, imposes on the volunteer a moral obligation to keep his promise. It does not involve him in any legal consequences.

If a volunteer is asked to undertake work at less pay than he is at present earning, this will give him a right of appeal; even if the appeal tribunal should hold him to his undertaking, no penalty will be visited upon him if he refuses to conform to its decision. But he will have to settle with his conscience whether he is performing the duty which he owes to his country.

It is the intention of the Department that volunteers shall be so placed that they shall have the minimum of inconvenience and the maximum of pay for the work which they are asked to undertake.

At several towns the opening of National Service Week will be marked by special outdoor demonstrations.

There will be a great display at Portsmouth on Sunday. Military bands will play in the decorated streets and the mayor will deliver an address from the steps of the town hall.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain will speak at Manchester and Liverpool on Tuesday, Mr. Walter

signing at Leicester on the same day, and Lord Derby at Blackburn on Saturday next.

LESS BREAD FOR HUNS.

Painful Surprise Caused by Cutting
Down of Ration.

AMSTERDAM, Friday.—In the Lower House of the Prussian Diet Dr. Michaelis, the State Food Commissioner, announced that precautionary measures were necessary to enable present stocks of corn to suffice until the next harvest.

The *Rheinisch-Westfälische Zeitung* refers to this rhetorical reduction of the bread ration as a very painful surprise.

The *Cologne Posten's Paper* says that even now it is only with great difficulty that the people can manage with the bread rations at present allotted.—*Reuter.*

Friday.—According to information from Berlin, Herr Helfferich, speaking privately with ministerial deputies, said the harvests for 1917 will be very bad, but the war will be decided before August.—*Wireless Press.*

STRIKE AT BARROW.

Trades Union Leaders Urge Men
to Return to Work at Once.

The Minister of Labour had a conference yesterday with representatives of various engineers and allied trades unions.

With him were representatives of the Ministry of Munitions, the Admiralty and the Shipyard and Dock Department.

Eventually the representatives agreed to send the following telegram to their local officials:—

"The executive representatives of the allied engineering unions disapprove of the stoppage of work at Barrow and instruct members to resume work immediately."

"The matter in dispute to be referred to the Minister of Labour, who agrees to have the question of alleged cutting of premium bonus time allowance considered and settled within seven days after resumption of work. The award to be made retrospective."

It was also agreed that several members of the executive committees of the allied trades would go to Barrow at once in order to place the situation before the men.

Strong hopes were expressed that they would succeed in bringing the strike to a speedy termination.

The Tyne engineers' dispute was settled last night, the men voting in favour of returning to work.

HIS NOVEL OATH.

"Will Speak the Old Truth and
Won't Be Foolish."

A plaintiff at Bloomsbury County Court yesterday who was having the oath administered to him concluded with the words, "The old truth."

"And nothing but the truth," added the usher.

"Certainly not," said plaintiff.

The Registrar said the oath properly. No nonsense and don't be foolish.

Thus admonished, plaintiff took the following oath: "I swear by Almighty God that I will speak the truth, no nonsense and won't be foolish. I will speak the old truth."

WAR DEMANDED BY 15,000 AMERICANS.

Scenes of Frenzied Enthusiasm in New York.

SINKING OF U.S. SHIP.

The outstanding American view is as follows:—

Mass meeting of 15,000 Americans demanded war.

It is reported in Washington that President Wilson will ask Congress to recognise existence of a state of war.—*Wireless Press.*

Twenty of crew of torpedoed American tankship *Heraldton* were killed, nineteen being in a boat which capsized, the other died from exposure; seven Americans were among the dead.—*Exchange.*

Crew of the sunk American ship *Illinois* reached England yesterday. When asked to tow the survivors to land the pirate said: "I have no time."—*Exchange.*

German papers agree that nothing can avoid a state of war setting in soon.—*Exchange.*

Both the *Heraldton* and the *Illinois* were attacked without warning. The *Heraldton*, says *Reuter*, was showing a flame and place of origin in electrically lighted letters.

"PRICE OF PEACE IS WAR."

A mass meeting of 15,000 people was held at the Madison-square Garden, New York, under the auspices of thirty-two patriotic societies.

A patriotic shout of "Yes" and a deafening roll of cheers went up when Mr. Elihu Root read:—

"Resolved that we call upon Congress to declare that by the acts of Germany a state of war exists between the United States and the United States."

In his speech Mr. Root declared that war already exists. One

forthwith ejected him.

Mr. Root: Protected by the Allied Navies, A Voice: "It is you who know it." The inter-

preter was thrown out of the window.

Mr. Root, pointing with his forefinger downwards into the face of the throng, said: "These are our first overt acts by the agents of a deli-

gious German plot to break up this meeting. It has been tried and discarded, but let us warn those agents that they must not push American patience too far."

"WE MUST HELP."

Cheers rocked the building when President Hibben, of Princeton, who described himself as a Pacifist, said: "The price of peace now is war."

The cheers rose to a pitch of frenzied enthusiasm when he said:—

"We must help. What an hour it would be when a great division of patriotic American youths march through the long battle lines in France under the Stars and Stripes."

"Teddy! Teddy!" was the cry that rolled backwards and forwards like thunder. The name of President Wilson was greeted with tremendous cheering.

Roosevelt divided the honour with the new Russian Government, every mention of which provoked the heartiest cheering.

A Central News message from New York quotes the *Evening Telegram* that, in the event of war Mr. Roosevelt will be given the rank of major-general and the command of 100,000 American soldiers, who will form an expeditionary army to France. Well-known financiers are backing up the project.

HIS LAST ROYAL RIDE.

Ex-Tsar Kisses Suite and Servants on Imperial Train.

The ex-Tsar's last ride in the imperial train is described in a *Reuter* Special message from Petrograd.

In the last carriage there travelled the four Government Commissioners sent to execute his arrest, but he had no interview with him.

About 10 a.m. he took morning coffee with his suite, conversed with them for an hour and bade farewell to them and the servants, kissing them all.

Addressing all present, the ex-Tsar said: "I thank you for your services. Au revoir! Farewell!"

He wore the "cherkeska," or flowing uniform of the 6th Kuban Cossack battalion,

To make certain of getting "The Daily Mirror" every day, you should fill up the form printed on page 11 and give it to your newsagent.

FOE MAKING A FIGHT—FRENCH THRUST OF 1½ MILES

British Drive Off Counter-Attack and Make Progress Near Croiselles.

CHASSEURS CUT WAY OUT WITH CAPTIVES.

The Moeve Sinks 11 More Ships—Total Bag of 27 Vessels and Over 1,000 Prisoners.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Friday.

8.40 P.M.—In the area of our advance encounters between our patrols and hostile detachments of some strength have taken place at a number of points along the general line, Etreillers-Beaumont-Lez-Cambrai-Beaurains.

During the day enemy counter-attacks near Aizecourt-Le Bas-Beaumont and Vraucourt were driven off after fighting. Our positions were maintained, and we took a few prisoners.

Our troops have made further progress in the neighbourhood of Ecourt and Croiselles.

We carried out a successful raid this morning east of Arras.

The enemy blew a large mine last night north of Neuville-St. Vaast. No damage is reported.

Our artillery bombarded the enemy's trenches south-east of Loos and east of Vermelles with good effect.

FRENCH SUCCESS IN BLOW NEAR ST. QUENTIN.

More Detachments Cross the River Ailette—Progress North of Soissons.

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

North of St. Simon the enemy yesterday launched at the close of the day a violent attack on our positions before the village of Artemps (seven miles south-west of St. Quentin).

At first, slightly driven back, our troops immediately counter-attacked with vigour and succeeded in throwing back the enemy as far as Grand Beraucourt, 1½ miles north-east of Artemps.

The artillery duel has been fairly lively between the Somme and the Oise. South of the Oise new detachments crossed the Ailette. There has been an intermittent cannonade in this region.

North of Soissons we effected further progress.

It is confirmed that the attacks directed by the enemy on the Vregny-Chivres front have been extremely violent. Against one point alone the Germans threw a whole regiment.

Two of our companies of chasseurs, isolated for a moment from the bulk of our forces, succeeded after stubborn fighting in extricating themselves, and brought back some prisoners.

The losses sustained by the enemy in the course of these fruitless attempts have been very high.

Several enemy coups de main north-west of Rheims, towards Maisons de Champagne, in the Avocourt Wood and in the region of St. Mihiel failed under our fire.

RUSSIANS REGAIN LOST TRENCHES.

Positions Restored by Counter-Attacks with the Bayonet.

RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.

Western Front.—In the direction of Lida, on the River Berezina, in the region of the village Zabezina, we regained after a number of counter-attacks with the bayonet the trenches which were taken yesterday by the enemy. The position is again restored.

Rumanian Front.—In the direction of Focșani the enemy is displaying lively artillery and aerial activity.

In the direction of Brailov our detachments during the night of March 22 drove out the enemy from the stations Vedeni and Hail, south of the village Vedeni.—Admiralty per Wireless.

The Echo Belge states that the Germans have placed 20 machine guns along the Belgo-Dutch frontier in the neighbourhood of Maeseyk.

FRENCH DREADNOUGHT TORPEDOED AND SUNK.

296 Lives Lost in Mediterranean—U Boat Attacked with Bombs.

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

The Ministry of Marine announces that the French battleship Danton was torpedoed by a hostile submarine on March 19 in the Mediterranean.

The vessel was struck by two torpedoes. Eight hundred and six men were saved by the escorting destroyer Massue and patrol vessels arrived on the scene at the distress signal. The number of lost is 296.

The submarine whose periscope was seen some minutes after the torpedoing was attacked with bombs from the Massue, but immediately disappeared and was not seen again.—Reuter.

The Danton is the nameship of a class of six semi-Dreadnoughts of a displacement of 18,400 tons, with a complement of 681, and belonged to the 1906-7 programme, being completed in 1911. She carried four 12in. guns and twelve 9.4in. guns.

"FRENCH TROOPS DRIVEN BACK WITH LOSSES."

German Story of Battle on Both Sides of St. Simon.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Western Theatre.—As a consequence of several thrusts on the part of our own and enemy reconnoitring detachments the artillery activity temporarily increased on the front in Flanders and the Arras sector. We made a number of prisoners in these districts.

French troops from both sides of St. Simon which had crossed the Somme and Crozat Canal have been driven back by an attack against and beyond these sectors.

The enemy suffered sanguinary losses. He also lost 230 prisoners as well as several machine guns and vehicles.

Between the Oise and the Aisne engagements developed during the evening hours to the west and south of Merivall.

Attacks made by strong French forces were repulsed with severe losses.—Wireless Press.

WHOSE AIRSHIP?

Berlin and Constantinople appear to be "jumping claims" regarding an airship, judging by the following official communications:—

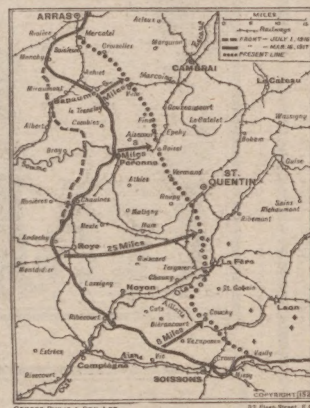
Turkish.

On the night of 20-21 one of our airships dropped bombs weighing 1,400 kilogrammes on the port of Mudros (Lemnos) and on enemy shipping in port. Despite intense fire, to which the dirigible was subjected, it returned undamaged.—Reuter.

German.

On the night from the 20th to the 21st one of our airships dropped bombs with good effect upon English establishments near Mudros, on the Isle of Lemnos, and returned safely to its base.—Admiralty per Wireless Press.

Austria and Bulgaria have not yet put in their claims.



Map showing the tide of Franco-British advance.

HINDENBURG TO STRIKE BLOW AT ITALY?

Austria Massing Forty Divisions—A "Strafe" Expedition.

ROME, Friday.—The Berne correspondent of the *Idea Nazionale* wires that Swiss military critics attribute the German retreat on the Anglo-French front to Hindenburg's decision to strike a smashing blow at Italy.

The Germans believe that their rear lines are amply sufficient to withstand the Anglo-French offensive, while a systematic destruction of roads and all means of communication will delay the advance.

The Germans expect to profit in this interval and to be able to make a "strafe" expedition against Italy.—Exchange.

Rome, Friday.—Commenting on the rumours to the effect that the Central Empires have been contemplating an invasion of Italy in the hope that she might offer a less effective resistance than France has offered at Verdun, the military critic of the *Corriere della Sera* remarks that Austria is massing about forty divisions on the Italian front.

It is impossible yet to say how many German corps could add out of her 240 divisions available.

The supreme command of the Italian Army has made every preparation for the threatened emergency, but the view is expressed in the newspaper that should all the enemy's reserves be massed against Italy it is imperative in their common interest that the reserves of Italy's allies should be massed in her defence.—Reuter.

EFFORT TO STOP ALLIES.

WAR CORRESPONDENTS' HEADQUARTERS, Friday.—A more definite resistance is being offered by the German rearwards as they are pressed back by our advance.

This was particularly noticeable along an irregular line running in a north-north-west direction from the Bois de Savy, which lies about three miles west of St. Quentin.

In the most northerly sector affected by the retreat the Germans continue to maintain strong covering patrols and cavalry guards, whilst they have many machine guns posted at chosen vantage points.

It is clear that they want to delay us from continuing to progress as rapidly as we have done since Saturday last.—Reuter's Special.

1,800 HOUSES FIRED.

PARIS, Friday.—M. Bugnicourt, the director of the *Journal de l'Alsace*, has made the following statement to the *Matin*:—

It is necessary to show the world how the Germans have laid waste the country which they have evacuated. Chauncy is nothing more than a heap of lath and plaster and walls burned black.

Out of 2,500 houses over 1,800 have been destroyed by fire.

After abandoning the place the enemy bombarded the St. Charles Quarter, where only the feeble and aged were housed.

During Tuesday and Wednesday twelve old men who were ill were killed in their beds and six other civilians met a similar fate.

PARIS, Friday.—The *Petit Parisien* says:—While the British progressing east of Roisel and Verdun were marching in the direction of the St. Quentin-Cambrai road in support of the French movement before the town of St. Quentin, the French formations under General X. approached La Fere and progressed on both sides of the Ham-St. Quentin road.

They reached yesterday the village of Dallon, situated only two miles from St. Quentin, and our patrols were able to operate under the walls of the town.—Central News.

MOEWE SINKS ELEVEN MORE SHIPS.

Total of Twenty-seven Vessels in Second Raiding Cruise.

1,062 PRISONERS TAKEN.

The Secretary of the Admiralty makes the following announcement:—

Following upon the reported return of the raider Moeve, information circulated in German Wireless Press messages shows that, in addition to the ships announced as having been sunk or captured by the Moeve in the communiqué of January 17 last, the following vessels have also been sunk:—

British.—French Prince (4,766 tons), Eddie (2,652), Rhodante (3,061), Katherine (2,926), Esmeraldas (4,678), Otaki (3,575), Demeritton (6,943).

German (sailing ship), Governor (two ships, both of over 5,000 tons, one of Liverpool and other New York).

Norwegian. Staut (sailing vessel).

Further, it appears that the St. Theodore, whose fate was hitherto in doubt, has been sunk. Of the above-mentioned ships some had been uninsured during the past few weeks, but others had only recently sailed.

AMSTERDAM, Friday.—A Berlin message concerning the Moeve's second cruise says that as the result of a month's raids in the Atlantic she sank twenty-two steamers and five sailing vessels of a total tonnage of 125,000. The vessels included twenty-one enemy craft and eight of them were armed. The Moeve carried 593 prisoners.—Central News.

MONTHS IN ATLANTIC.

AMSTERDAM, Friday.—A Berlin official telegram says:—

His Majesty's auxiliary cruiser Moewe (commander, Count Dohna-Schlodien) has returned to a home port from a second cruise of several months in the Atlantic.

The vessel made prizes twenty-two steamers and five sailing vessels, having a total tonnage of 125,000 gross register.

Twenty-one of these ships belonged to enemy countries, eight of them were armed, five were in the service of the British Admiralty and four were enemy sailing vessels.

The Moewe brought back to Germany 593 prisoners in addition to the 463 brought by the prize Yarrowdale, which reached a German harbour on December 31, 1916.

Of the vessels sunk by the Hudson Maru reached Pernambuco on March 16 with the crews of the steamers Dramatis, Radnorshire, Minieh, Netherby Hall, Nantes and Anisieres.

The remaining vessels, that is, all but the Hudson Maru, were sunk.—Reuter.

THE DUTCH GOVERNMENT SPURNS GERMAN BRIBE.

Refuses to Accept Compensation—Danger Zone Extended.

ROTTERDAM, Friday.—The Dutch Government officially announces that it has refused Germany's offer of compensation for the sinking of the seven Dutch steamers which, together with the offer to indemnify the Dutch sailors for the losses resulting from the sinking of the steamers, is considered by the Dutch Government to be unacceptable.—Exchange.

CHRISTIANIA, Friday.—The German Minister has communicated to the Norwegian Government a notification received from the German Government to the effect that in future that part of the Arctic Sea lying east of 24deg. east longitude, and south of 75deg. north latitude, with the exception of Norwegian territorial waters, will be regarded as within the danger zone for all shipping, against which all available weapons will be employed.

Neutral ships already en route to ports in these waters and those vessels returning from the blockaded area will not be attacked without warning before April 5.

This extension of the danger zone would seem to be aimed at the blockade of the Archangel route.—Reuter.

BULGARS' BIG CLAIMS.

BULGARIAN OFFICIAL.

Macedonian Front.—Between Lake Ochrida and Lake Prespa there was a feeble enemy attack, which has now been repulsed.

On Hill 1,234, north of Monastir, the French delivered continual counter-attacks in order to retake the trenches taken from them yesterday, but they were repulsed in every case with sanguinary losses.

To the trophies already captured from the French we added three machine-guns, a large number of rifles, ammunition and other material.—Reuter.

KNAPSACK POCKETS.



Dress of green Georgette crepe combined with yellow satin and finished with odd stitchings of green worsted. It has cross straps at the back and pockets resembling knapsacks.

CANADIAN COWBOYS WIN HONOURS ON THE BATTLEFIELD.



At Montreal Barracks before being supplied with uniforms. They still have their lassoes, and form a picturesque group.



Lieutenant Gallagher (A), Private Turner, D.C.M. (B), Private Gates, D.C.M. (C) and Sergeant Smith (D).

Cowboys who enlisted together at Calgary. Sergeant Smith is the champion roughrider of Western Canada, while Lieutenant Gallagher is the champion roper. Three have been given commissions, while two have been killed.

AN ENGAGEMENT.



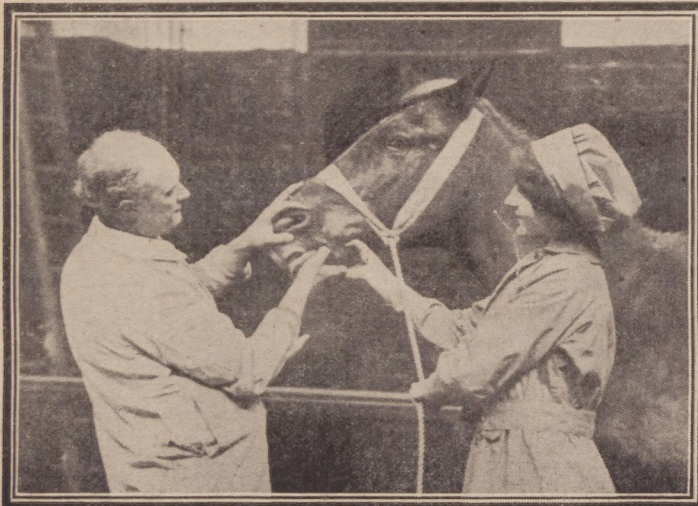
Miss Helen Charles, daughter of Mme. Charles, the famous singer, and Captain Arthur S. Glynn, R.A.M.C.

THE KING'S GIFT TO THE RED CROSS.



Bronze Chinese bowl made about 500 B.C., which His Majesty presented to the Red Cross Sale.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

VETERINARY SURGEON'S GIRL ASSISTANT.



This girl works at a large veterinary establishment in London, and helps during the operations on the animals. The patients all like their nurse.

BOYS ACT IN SHAKESPEARE PLAY.



The boys at the Battersea Polytechnic Secondary School in a scene from "Twelfth Night," which they produced.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1917.

GOVERNMENT BY THREAT!

WHY does Lord Devonport say in the House of Lords that it would be "a national calamity to have to resort to compulsion"—in the matter of food rations—"without trying the voluntary system to the full"?

What does Lord Devonport mean by the "voluntary system" and by "trying it to the full"?

Is the voluntary system being tried "to the full"—whatever that may mean?

Is it "voluntarily" that the restaurant gormandisers now only can get two courses for lunch and three for dinner? Is it "voluntarily" that officers on leave cannot get supper?—though why civilians and not officers should get it is, by the way, a mystery both to officers and to civilians. Is it "voluntarily" that houses are to be searched for evidence of foodhogs' hoarding? Is it "voluntarily" that grocers will be prohibited from selling more than a certain amount to any one person? Is anything that is now going on in regard to food—or indeed most other things—"voluntary" in any true dictionary or general usage of the word?

Is the very tone of Lord Devonport's remarks a persuasive and voluntary tone?

No, rightly enough, Lord Devonport's once paternally shaken forefinger, *begging* people to be careful, has become a magisterially menacing forefinger—almost a clenched fist—*threatening* people.

Voluntarism has nearly died out. Why then talk of its demise as a "national calamity"?

Are we to conclude that Lord Devonport regards compulsion as quite inevitably associated with huge hotels taken over, tons of paper utilised in cards, hours wasted over form-filling, armies of inspectors, multitudes of clerks? If so, we agree, he may well hesitate. But surely these accompaniments are not inevitable. Another St. Ermin's Hotel? No. Cannot the thing be attacked through the distributing agencies? Is it not necessary that at once it should be attacked?

For see the constant contradiction that runs through all Lord Devonport's utterances, under their general tone of menace—their attempt at government by threat.

In one breath Lord Devonport says:—

We are losing ships and neutrals are losing ships and the strength of the mercantile marine—not only our own, but that available for our trade purposes—is diminishing.

Good. A courageous admission. And then? Then, in the next breath, Lord Devonport adds:—

I shall not be slow to respond to the need.

Good again. And therefore:

It would be a national calamity to have to resort to compulsion.

And finally:

From the moment the necessity appears (but hasn't it appeared?) it will take at least eight weeks to get it into working order.

To sum up: "There is a necessity. I shall be not slow. There is no necessity. It will take a long time to do anything. In fact I shall be slow, because I must."

Is this the logic of a "business man"?

W. M.

FEATHERED TIME.

Time is the feathered thing.

And, whilst I praise
The sparklings of thy looks and call them rays,
"Takes wing."

Leaving behind him as he flies
An unperceived dimness in thine eyes.
His minutes whilst 'th' are told

Do make us old;
And every sand of his foot glass,
Increasing as it doth pass,
Insensibly sows wrinkles there.

Where flowers and roses do appear.
Whilst we do speak, our life
Doth into ice expire.

—JASPER MAYNE (1648).

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Each one of us carries within him an image of what he ought to be. So long as he is not that, his peace is not complete.—Ruckert.

ALL ON ACCOUNT OF THE CENSORSHIP!

HAS THE ART OF LOVE-LETTER WRITING DIED OUT?

By MARY MORTIMER MAXWELL.

THE Englishwoman sat with a letter in her lap, and were it not for the fact that she was not a "weepy" woman, she would certainly have dropped tears upon the curiously worded page.

He had ceased to love her—that was sure. Observe the beginning of the epistle, "Dear E." Note the ending of "Yours hastily." The signature was but his two initials. The body of the letter was as formal as the beginning and the end. He said he had received her letter, but he made no comment upon what she had said in that letter. She had poured out her heart and her soul to him; she had told of her loneliness, her heart-ache

making! What a flow of language he had! He had spoken with a slight accent, which she had learnt to love. He had never been at a loss for the right word.

And now "Dear E." and "Yours hastily." With the recollection of what had passed between them and the very abandonment of love which she had shown in her own letter, her cheeks grew hot with shame. It was over. He had played with her! Well, at least she would never run after him.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

Over in a neutral land a man was almost mad with suspense. Weeks had passed and he had received no news from the woman who was all in all to him. He had written several short notes, and had cabled, with no response. He was convinced that one of two things had happened—either that she had never cared for him, had lied when she said she loved him; or else that she had passed out of life

THE WAY TO MANAGE.

PROBLEMS OF "SERVANTS AND SAVING" DISCUSSED BY OUR READERS.

THE GREAT SECRET.

NONE of your readers seems to have suggested Chinese servants. I am daily waiting for the suggestion and think I had better make it myself now that somebody else has suggested "niggers"!

I am only joking! For surely your readers are too "pessimistic." One can still get good servants if one treats them properly. That is the great secret.

ONE WHO NEVER LOSES HER SERVANTS.
Hampstead, N.W.

SELF-DENIAL.

I HAVE taken in your paper for years and am always interested in its articles. I was especially interested in A. E. Ollivier's article on the subject of "self-denial" which amused that any head of a household should have "to make a row" about having potatoes. One's whole existence does not depend on whether one has potatoes or not!

Does not the head of a house give a menu for lunch and dinner, and say what vegetables shall be put on the table? We may be a conventional nation, but surely cooks can realise there is a big war on and that it is everyone's duty to make sacrifices. So in defence of cooks and middle-class families I give you my own experience.

My cook-general is an average maid, the type of many, I should imagine. She is as anxious as I am to do without potatoes or any other thing that is scarce. Her "sweetheart" is at the front, and she knows lots of other boys there. Her young master—my only son—is an officer at the front. She knows my anxiety and fully sympathises with me.

We have strictly rationed ourselves since Lord Devonport asked us to do so. We do not find this meat enough; it means two meatless days a week, but we use eggs, fish and other things. We do not go hungry.

I can scarcely believe that anyone is so conventional as your correspondent suggests, and if only cooks as well as heads of households would do their utmost, we might soon welcome our loved ones home again. I know I would not let the cook dominate the household food!

The right way, as your correspondent says, is for cook and mistress to work together.

Woking, F. PORTBUSH.

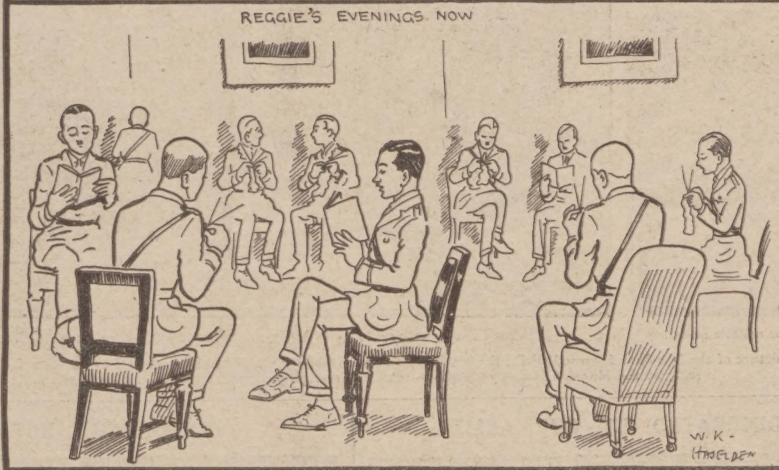
IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 23.—The strawberry plantation should now be gone over and carefully weeded. Do not dig deeply near the plants, but some well-decayed manure can be lightly turned into the ground. Cut off all dead and diseased foliage.

In many gardens grass is allowed to grow up to the stems of young fruit trees. This has been found by experiment to have a bad effect on the trees. Therefore the turf should be removed without delay and a dressing of good mould given the trees.

E. F. T.

THE CHASTENING OF REGGIE HOME ON LEAVE.



Young officers find their amusements and liberty more and more curtailed. Soon they will be allowed to do nothing but knit and read!—(By W. K. Haselden.)

at his absence, her longing for a sight of his face—yes, even a longing for his arms and his kisses.

He wrote that he was well; that he was sending her a newspaper; hoped she'd got it. How was the weather over there? Hoped it wasn't true that prices were so high as he had heard. Business was about the same as usual. He looked forward to seeing the Germans crushed completely; he was doing his own bit toward that end, etc., etc.

This was the gist of the letter that sent a chill to the lonely woman's heart, which stung her pride and made her resolve never again to write to him, her lover in a far-off Neutral Land, who was, by the way, the most non-neutral person she knew. It was the first letter she had received from him since he had declared his love.

How ardent had been his verbal love-

by means of a Zeppelin, in which case, of course, he would never hear, since it was the rule not to publish the names of Zeppelin victims in the newspapers. He supposed that if any of her friends had written to tell him of her fate their letters would have been suppressed by the Censor.

Finally, he decided that, since letters and cables were useless, he would go in person and learn the worst, so he caught a boat just as it was moving out from the neutral port. He arrived in England; a taxicab rushed him to her home; and in her little workroom where she knitted and made bandages and packed "tuck boxes" for the wounded and prisoners of war he found her. For a long time she refused to speak, and when she finally loosened her tongue she said strange things to him, things he did not understand. She spoke in riddles of "wounded womanhood," of his

"insults," of the cold, formal letters he had sent her.

Then a light broke on him. "I thought you'd understand," he said, "that I couldn't make love in the presence of the Censor!"

So they escaped the greatest tragedy that love can know—a parting through a misunderstanding. Other women are not escaping. Their hearts are aching, breaking, all because of men's vanity. Man, the conventional, illogical, unreasoning sex, is under the impression either that there is one Censor for all Britain or else that ten thousand Censors are all interested in his particular love-letters—so he is ceasing to write them if he knows they must pass through the hands of the Censor.

I have called this article "All on Account of the Censorship," but the trouble is really all on account of men's stupidity and egotism.

HIS NEW HOME.



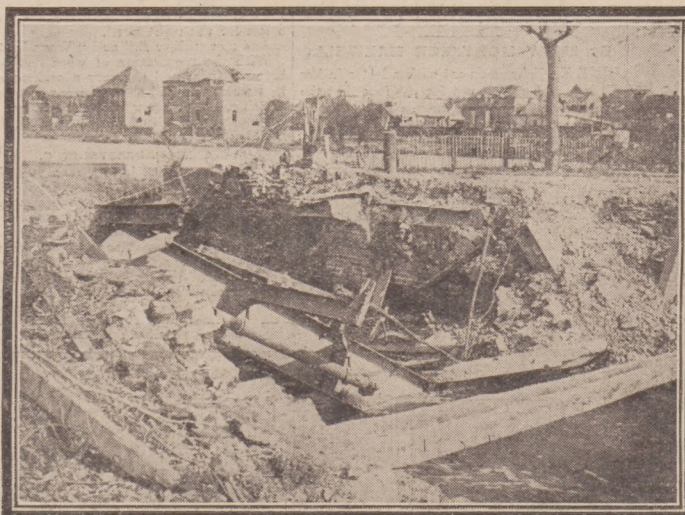
The Duke of Orleans carrying his pet lion cub to the Zoo. It was too destructive while a guest at the Savoy Hotel.



The boy's brother was the artist's model.

Mr. Frank O. Salisbury's picture of the late Jack Cornwell, V.C., the boy hero of H.M.S. Chester was formally presented to the Board of Admiralty at the Mansion House yesterday.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

ACROSS THE SOMME IN PURSUIT OF THE GERMANS—PERONNE



Bridge destroyed at the entrance to Peronne to hamper our advance.—(Official photograph.)

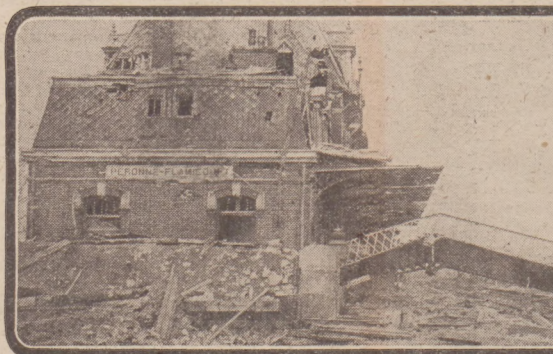
JACK CORNWELL'S PORTRAIT FOR THE ADMIRALTY.



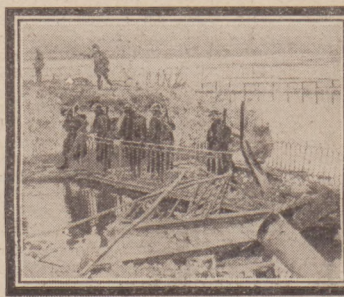
The Lord Mayor talking to Lady Jellicoe. Mrs. Cornwell is also next to him.



British prisoners at Peronne Station when the Germans held it.



As the Huns left it. Note how the bridge has been destroyed.—(Official photograph.)



First across the Somme.—(Official photograph.)



Cavalrymen resting.

The first British troops crossed the Somme near Peronne. They found that destroyed, but their advance was not stopped thereby as the Huns

OFFICERS DECORATED BY OUR ALLIES.



Rear-Admiral Mark Kerr, decorated by King Victor of Italy.



Captain C. T. M. Fuller, D.S.O., Commander of the Legion of Honour.

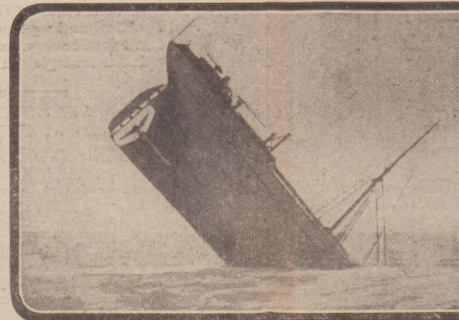


Flight-Commander C. Edwards, R.N.A.S., Order of Leopold.

"UNLIMITED" BUT NOT "RUTHLESS": BRITISH MERCHANT STEAMER TO



The King Malcolm (4,500 tons) sinking by the bows.



A photograph taken a little later.

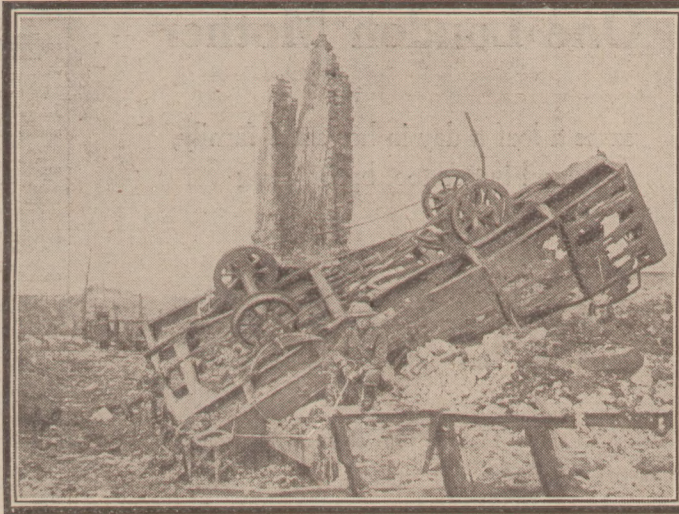
These photographs are reproduced from the Berliner Illustrirte Zeitung. The German newspapers have now been ordered to allude

THE GERMANS—PERONNE STATION DESTROYED BY THE HUNS.

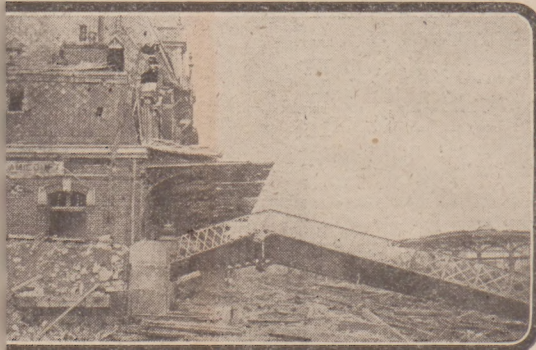
BURNT IN AIR.



Soldiers at Peronne Station when the Germans held the town.



How a Boche truck, helped by our artillery, arrived at Clery Station.—(Official photograph.)



Note how the bridge has been destroyed.—(Official photograph.)



Somme.—(Official.)



Cavalrymen resting.—(Official.)

crossed the Somme near Peronne. They found that bridges had been destroyed and their advance was not stopped thereby as the Huns had hoped.

THREE GERMAN AEROPLANES IN TWO DAYS.



Captain Green, R.F.C., D.S.O., who brought down three Hun aeroplanes in two days, seated on a machine which he strafed. It was piloted by a cousin of the Kaiser. The captain has just received the Serbian Order of Karageorge.



Photograph reproduced from the Berliner Illustrirte Zeitung illustrating the destruction of an Allied observation balloon.

EAGER FOR THE WAR NEWS.

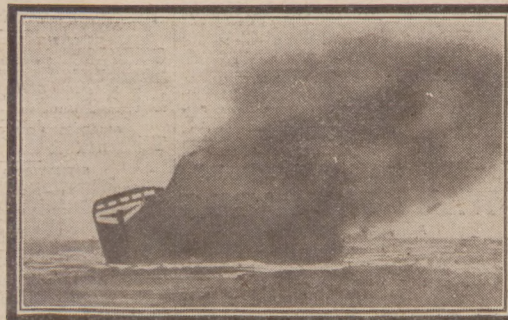


Wounded man in a London hospital absorbed in the news of our latest successes.

BRITISH MERCHANT STEAMER TORPEDOED BY A GERMAN SUBMARINE.



A photograph taken a little later.



The vessel disappears from view in a cloud of smoke.

German newspapers have now been ordered to allude to their navy's piratical warfare as "unlimited" and not as "restricted."

CROIX DE GUERRE FOR LORD MAIDSTONE.



Lieutenant Edward Overend Priestley, R.N., D.S.O.



Lieutenant Viscount Maidstone, R.N., D.S.O., Croix de Guerre.



Lieutenant A. Palliser, Distinguished Service Cross.

PETER LYSTER: THE MAN WHO FORGOT

By RUBY M. AYRES.



Nan Marraby.

and a brother officer, who comes to Peter and tells him that Peter has lost his memory.

HOW THE STORY BEGINS.

NAN MARRABY became engaged to Peter Lyster on the eve of his departure for France. All the time he is away she tries to keep up her courage and hope for the best even when the outlook seems darkest. She devotes herself to cheering and giving strength to her friend, Joan Endicott, whose husband is also serving in France. Joan is weak and clinging, but Nan is strong and brave, and most of the burden falls upon her shoulders. They live together in a little flat, each anxious to see the other, and news that she dreads and hoping for the safe return of the man she loves.

It is the shock, he explains, that Peter has been seriously wounded. She bears the blow heroically, and becomes more attentive than ever to Joan, who is desperately worried about her husband. Peter has a brave face to the foe, although her heart is torn with anxiety. Then come tidings that Peter is out of danger.

The two girls settle down once more to wait as patiently as they can.

One evening a visitor comes to see Nan. It is Peter's friend, Lyster, who comes to tell her that Peter is in London, but that he has lost his memory completely.

It is the shock, he explains, that has wiped out from Peter's mind the remembrance of everything that had happened before he was wounded. He does not know that he is engaged to Nan. He has forgotten all about her, and all Arnott's efforts to recall the events of the past have failed.

Nan decides to go and see Peter at once. Arnott has told her that he is in London—and she will not listen to his advice when he begs her to postpone her visit for a while.

All she wants is to see him, for she thinks that he will remember her when they meet.

Very reluctantly, Arnott takes her to the hotel at which he is staying with Peter. Once more he tries to dissuade her from what he knows will be a painful interview, but she insists upon going on. Alone she goes into the smoking-room, where Peter is sitting with great animation to a girl.

A terrible suspicion—a suspicion of which she feels ashamed—flashes into Nan's mind. Peter seems well and so natural that she wonders whether he has really lost his memory—or whether she has been cruelly deceived.

"Are you looking for anything?" the girl who is with Peter asks.

Nan hesitatingly explains that she thinks she must have left her gloves elsewhere. Peter comes and helps her to look for them; but although their eyes meet he does not remember Nan at all.

Her cup of sorrow is filled to the brim when Arnott asks her whether she knows anything about a ring which Peter prizes very much. He cannot find it, and she fears that it has been stolen. Nan does not reply.

Next day Arnott brings Nan the packet of letters she had written to Peter. He tells her that Peter is going to stay with his sister, and he asks her whether she would like him to ask his sister to invite her at the same time.

Nan refuses the invitation, to Arnott's regret, for he has a very real desire to help her in her unhappy predicament.

Joan receives a telegram from her husband to say that he is returning home on leave. She is overjoyed and, almost like a selfish child in her delight, says to Nan: "I hope you won't think me very selfish, but, of course, when Tim comes home he'll want me to go to himself, and I was wondering if you'd mind going away for just those few days?"

Nan gives a queer little laugh. "I can go home whenever—or to some friends," she replies.

While walking near Oxford-circus Nan is hailed by John Arnott. A little behind him is Peter Lyster.

DEAD HOPES.

NAN stood quiet still on the crowded pathway; for a moment it seemed to her as if there was nobody in all the world but herself and the tall, rather lean-looking man who gazed at her with disinterested eyes across John Arnott's shoulder.

Arnott deeply regretted his hastiness when he saw the pallor of Nan's face; he wished he had waited to hail her until he was sure that she wished to be acknowledged. But it was too late now; he knew that Lyster would only think it peculiar if he walked on without further speech, and just lately Lyster had been more touchy than usual. Ordinarily the most easy-tempered of men, small things seemed now to annoy and irritate him.

"Odd we should run across one another again," Arnott said, trying to speak casually; "held out his hand to Nan, and she had a warm, friendly grasp. He hesitated, glancing at Peter, but Lyster was looking from one to the other, obviously expecting to be introduced, and after the barest possible hesitation Arnott presented him."

"My friend, Mr. Lyster—Miss Marraby." He did not dare to look at Nan; he could only trust to his lucky stars that she would be able to

carry the situation off with her usual self-possession. But he need not have feared for Nan; after the first natural blenching she met the people calmly, though she was quite pale, and now and then there was a little catch in her voice when she spoke.

"I think I've seen you before," Lyster said. The words sounded laconic, and the smile he gave her was merely pecuniary, but for the moment it sent Nan's pulses racing, and she held her breath in an agony of hope.

Was he beginning to remember her, after all? Had the unexpected sight of her stirred some faint chord in his mind?

But his next words soon dispelled her illusion.

"You came into the hotel last night, I think," he said. "I was in the reading-room."

"Of course," said Nan, cheerily. She wondered at her self for her self-possession; she forced a smile to her pale lips. "I had left my gloves, hadn't I? And you—and your friend were kind enough to help me look for them."

She felt that she was talking sheer nonsense to grain; time, and Lyster frowned.

"She was hardly my friend," he said, rather shortly; his voice sounded somehow as if he were annoyed. "I only met her casually in the hotel; I know her father slightly."

Not a word of the face away to hide the sudden look of relief that flashed into her eyes. Since last night perhaps the thought of the girl with the pretty, pertinent face had been her greatest torture. It was more than she had dared hope for to hear this denial of friendship from Peter's own lips.

"Let's go and get some coffee," Arnott struck in; he was anxious to keep Nan and Peter together as long as possible for Nan's sake.

That was a place quite close—what do you say, Peter?"

"Anything you like—"

Nan turned and walked back between the two men. "The dreamlike feeling was upon her again now, she felt as if it were a long time since she had not looked at Peter. She kept up a running fire of small talk with Arnott. She forced herself to laugh and appear to be merry, and the thought went through Arnott's mind again how wonderful—how very wonderful she was."

Being a man he could only dimly guess what this was costing her, but he quite realised that it was a great deal more than the average woman could bear. He wondered if she were glad that they had met, or if she were sorry.

When they got to the shop he went off for a moment to see what sort of cakes there were, so he said. He entered into a tawdry argument with the girl behind the sweet counter, so as to give Nan and Peter a few moments together.

Nan knew that he had done it on purpose, and hardly knew if she hated him for it or loved him. She looked at Peter with eyes that hid their feelings bravely. He was leaning back in his chair rather wearily, and now, with the sunlight falling full on his face through the window with its blind of coloured glass beads, she realised for the first time that he had altered tremendously. Last night he had looked just the same to her; in the artificial light of the hotel reading-room she had not noticed the lines under his eyes and the drawn look about his mouth. It almost seemed as if some merciless hand had wiped the youth from his face, turning him into a middle-aged man.

She felt as if she must look forward and lay her hand on his and say something to him to let him know that she understood, that she was not a bit angry with him, that she did not mind the pain he had dealt her as long as he was as right, as long as he was not unhappy and would get well and strong again; she knew that her eyes were melting into tenderness; she plunged into speech.

"Mr. Arnott tells me that you are on leave—"

"Yes." He had taken off his service cap now, and passed a hand rather wearily across his forehead.

"It beats me," he said after a moment, "why fellows always make such a fuss about leave."

He laughed half shamelessly. "It makes me wonder if I ever did—before this." He looked at Nan with a sort of anxiety in his eyes. "Has Arnott told you about me?" he asked.

"He told me that you had been wounded," she answered him gently. "It gave her an odd sort of comfort to be able to talk to him; for the moment pain was pushed out of sight, she tried to make the most of these few poor moments which were perhaps all she was to have in a future that stretched away before her without hope or sunshine."

Lyster shrugged his shoulders.

"The wound was nothing," he said almost roughly. "I've often wished since that it had been anything more." He smiled ruefully, meeting her eyes.

"I suppose you despise me for saying that."

"No," said Nan; her heart felt full of pain, but she smiled bravely. "I have everyone feels like that sometimes," she said gently after a moment. "I know I have—I mean, I have felt that I didn't want to go on living, that there is nothing to live for."

She laughed, to cover the unconscious tremor of her voice. Lyster was watching her gravely; there was a little puzzled look in his grey eyes.

"I should not have thought you would ever have felt like that," he said presently. "You look so gay and smiling."

He stopped and glanced over his shoulder to the other end of the shop, where Arnott was still laughing with the girl at the counter.

"What is Arnott doing?" he asked with a touch of impatience in his voice.

Nan rose at once; she choked down the suffocating feeling that rose in her throat—gay and smiling! What a mockery it was, and yet she felt vaguely glad that she could deceive him so well. She went over to where Arnott stood,

she felt in some way that Peter was weary of her, and even while the knowledge hurt she knew that she would be wiser to end the little tête-à-tête at once; she spoke to Arnott quietly.

"Are you coming to have your coffee?" Peter—Mr. Lyster is wondering what you are doing."

She waited for Arnott before she went back to her Peter sat; she devoted herself to Arnott for the rest of the time; she talked and laughed with him, and made him laugh, too, till for the moment he forgot that this girl was standing all the time on the brink of a grave which held all her dead hopes.

THE GAME OF PRETENCE.

LYSTER was very quiet—he said he had got a rotten headache; Nan looked at him and quickly away again; there was some vague hope in her heart that by paying almost extravagant attention to Arnott she might rouse Peter to some faint sense of pique, or even jealousy. It seemed impossible to her that he could be quite indifferent to what she did or said, that he would not have cared if she had told him that she was married to another man, that he would be quite unmoved if he heard that she was dead.

The name of Nan Marraby was no more to him now than the name of any other women in the world—that made her smile, it seemed so preposterous and unreal—and yet it was true—quite, quite true.

"I'm trying to persuade Lyster to come down into the country with me for a week or so," Arnott said suddenly. "London's all very well, but we've got to remember that we're both more or less crooks for the present."

The noise of London last night was maddening, I hardly slept a wink. Now down in the country where my sister lives—"

Peter struck in rather irritably.

"Your sister probably would not thank you for foisting two more or less sick men on her hands," he said.

Arnott took another cake from the plate; he bit a piece out of it with great relish before he answered.

"Oh, that's because you don't know Doris," he said, calmly. "Nothing's too much trouble for her; she'd have the whole of the British Army to sleep in the house if she could."

He looked at Nan and smiled. "Peter's a disagreeable old beggar," he said, cheerily. "Seems to have got it up against women for some reason or another."

He spoke without thinking, and the next moment he would have cut off his right hand to take back the carelessly-spoken words, for Peter said, sharply:

"Well, I've no great reason to care for women."

"I don't care, but don't mind me, if you want to get along with Mrs. Arnott."

"Rot! She'll leave us, of course. It was quite chance, running up against her." He glanced over to Nan, and asked diffidently: "Fine looking girl, don't you think?"

Peter shrugged his shoulders.

"Not bad," he said laconically; "but she's got too sharp a tongue for me."

Arnott did not know what to say; he was relieved when Nan replied: "Goodbye."

Got the sweets?" he asked.

"Yes; and now having got all I can out of you I'm going to be mean and run away," she answered. "I've lots of shopping to do."

She held a hand to Arnott. "Goodbye."

"When shall I see you again?" he asked.

(Continued on page 11.)

A man who
will not help
his country
is helping
the enemy.



Prove you are
willing to help.
Enrol now for
National Service.

Forms can be obtained from any Post Office,
National Service Office, or Employment
Exchange. Fill up one without delay.



Mr. Basil Pitt, M.P., who has resigned the position of Commissioner for Belgian Refugee Affairs.



Lady Helen Seymour, an energetic war worker at the Coulter Hospital, Belgrave-square.

THE COLISEUM MATINEE.

Successful Star Performance of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back."

DESPITE NATURAL DISAPPOINTMENT at the absence of the Queen, who was unable to be present owing to the death of the Duchess of Connaught, there was a crowded and remarkably representative audience at the Coliseum yesterday afternoon. Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson made a last appearance in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" in aid of the Scottish Women's Hospital.

A Great Reception.

IF SIR JOHNSTON had any doubts about London playgoers' regret over his retirement from the stage they must have been dispelled by his reception. It was a remarkable ovation that visibly touched an actor who once again endowed a famous part with the grace and magic of a famous personality.

In Front.

AMONGST the many fashionable people in front I noticed Lady Cowdray, Lady Alexander and the Countess of Drogheda. Miss Lily Elsie—in what I heard described as "a duck of a dove grey dress"—was selling programmes.

Music Had Charms.

RARELY have so many prominent conductors been seen together at the same performance. Sir F. H. Cowen, Sir Alexander MacKenzie and Mr. Alfred Dove—the presiding genius of the Coliseum orchestra—were all there. And the orchestra itself, which is a band of able women, was at its best.

The Irish Peace Move.

THE MAIN TOPIC of discussion in the political clubs last night was the prospect of an early settlement of the Irish question. I have never known the leaders of both Irish parties so anxious to come to terms. Various plans are suggested, but at the moment of writing no clear-cut scheme has been devised which is likely to meet with ready acceptance.

The Chief Obstacle.

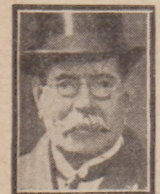
A DISTINGUISHED PARLIAMENTARIAN tells me that the principal obstacle to an early settlement is the apparently overwhelming strength of the "irreconcilables" in both political camps in Ireland. Meanwhile everybody at Westminster is longing for an amicable arrangement.

Tars and Types.

THE AMERICAN ARMY and NAVY are becoming transformed. They are bristling with new tars and types.

The Fishermen's Champion.

GLANCING over yesterday's parliamentary papers I noticed a motion by Mr. Tickler calling attention to the disabilities suffered by fishermen and sailors who by reason of their calling are unable to record their votes at parliamentary elections and asking that administrative facilities should be given to them to record their votes at parliamentary elections.



Mr. T. G. Tickler, M.P.

Mr. Tickler is the member for Grimsby and a local trawler owner with much influence in the fishing trade.

A Business M.P.

HE HAS had a most interesting career. For ten years he was in the engineering business, then he became a grocer and corn factor. Shortly afterwards he sold this business and commenced that of fruit preserving. He now employs 1,500 hands at Grimsby and Southall, Middlesex.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

Cardinal Bourne's Return.

I HEARD yesterday in Westminster that Cardinal Bourne is expected to return home early next month. The Pope, my informant added, has an immense appreciation of his abilities, and received him in audience daily during his stay in Rome—an unusual honour.

Back to Killarney.

THE EARL and COUNTESS of KENMARE have left town for the Lakes of Killarney. Part of Killarney House, it may be remembered, was destroyed by fire three years ago. Lord Kenmare and Lord Ardilaun between them own, I believe, practically the whole of the Killarney district.

A Scottish Landowner.

THE MARQUIS of BREADALBANE was well enough to leave town yesterday for Taymouth Castle. He is one of the most popular landowners in Scotland. He owns 200,000 acres and has been a hero to his tenants ever since he won the Royal Humane Society's medal for saving one of them from drowning.

An Educated Farmer.

ONCE AN IGNORANT Southron visiting Scotland related on reaching the Edinburgh Club how he had talked on the journey up with a very intelligent old farmer. "He was quite an educated chap," said the Southron. Presently the "farmer" walked into the club, and the visitor was surprised to learn that his farmer friend was the Marquis of Breadalbane.

A Wager—

A SUCCESSFUL PRACTICAL JOKE was perpetrated recently by Mr. Vernon Watson, the mimic, while performing in Birmingham. In New-street he met a prominent citizen who remarked that even London could not show a thoroughfare with heavier traffic. "Would you like to see me stop it?" asked Mr. Watson. "I'll bet you a 'tenner' that you couldn't," was the answer.



Mr. Vernon Watson.

—And Its Result.

THE WAGER was accepted, and within a minute Mr. Watson had purchased a tape measure and an official-looking notebook. Then, in the company of a friend, he marched across to the constable on point duty and explained that the local authorities required certain measurements taken. "Bobby" energetically held up the traffic while Mr. Watson measured the roadway and his companion took copious notes. And the crowd wondered what it all meant.

Lord Durham Better.

I AM GLAD to hear that Lord Durham is making excellent progress towards health after his illness. We may be sure such a good sportsman and such a born humorist has borne his illness very patiently. His Gimcrack Club is famous.

Footing the Bill.

ONCE AN AMERICAN FRIEND told Lord Durham that he would like to be a lord, and on being asked why, replied that he wanted to know what it felt like. "Oh," replied Lord Durham, "you would have a painful knowledge of what it feels like when you saw your Christmas bills."

A London Poet.

I HAVE been reading "London Lamps," a new book of poems by Mr. Thomas Burke, who established a reputation with his "Limehouse Nights." Mr. Burke is a London lover, and something of the wistful and elusive charm of the great City is reflected in his verse. I think, by the way, he must be the only poet who has dared to write about wrinkles. One of the songs in the volume begins: "There is a noise of wrinkles in the air."

Maxim Gorky.

A RUSSIAN FRIEND said yesterday: "I am glad to see that Maxim Gorky is now free in Petrograd. He has become a director of fine arts. His acceptance shows that his health has improved. He had been near death's door from tuberculosis, but the revolution has given all patriots a new lease of life." As Russia now has a free Press I expect Gorky will take up his pen again."

For His Boy.

I HAVE HEARD of a fine example of patriotism. A man well over military age had an only son, who fell in France while leading his company in a famous rifle regiment. As soon as he heard the news the father offered his services and asked to be allowed to take his son's place. After a few months' training as a cadet his wish was granted. He took command of his dead boy's company and last week returned to "Blighty" badly wounded.

"Old Vic" Voters.

THE AUDIENCES—a large proportion soldiers—who throng the "Old Vic," in the Waterloo-road, to see Shakespeare and hear opera have chosen their Shakespeare week programme by ballot. "Richard II." has proved to be their favourite play.

A Cat Lover.

MISS WINIFRED BARNES is a black cat fancier. Only she asked me not to mention the fact, to prevent being inundated with live cats. Her black cats are of china, wood and plaster. One has electrically-lighted eyes. They sit about her dressing-room at the Prince of Wales'. Most of them are "mascot" presents.

A Humano Peer.

ONE OF THE ARRIVALS in town yesterday was Lord Leigh, who came up from Stoneleigh Abbey. Lord Leigh is still carrying on his propaganda organisation on behalf of dumb animals. He is on the executive committee of the Council of Justice to Animals, and advocates more humane methods of slaughtering beasts.

Quick March!

THE EFFECTS of drill and Sunday route marching are sometimes unwittingly demonstrated. Yesterday in the Strand I noticed an elderly man mechanically shoulder his walking-stick, straighten himself up, and, with head erect, march along keeping step with the music of a distant band.



Miss Dorothy Lane, who will appear in the new Ampire revue, "Hanky Panky," to-night.



Mr. Bernard Ward, who will be the Bishop of the newly-created Roman Catholic Diocese of Essex.

Students Sacrifice Sport.

OWING to the urgent appeals of Lord Devonport, the women students of Somerville College, Oxford, are, I hear, digging up their playing fields to plant potatoes. The students have also volunteered to make their own beds every morning, so that labour may be set free for war work.

Treasure Trove.

DOWN TWICKENHAM WAY every man or woman with a little spare time appears to have become an amateur gardener. I pass them in the train every morning on my way to town. They are hard at work on their tiny allotments turning up the ground. Sometimes they turn up other things as well. There have been one or two instances of buried money having been struck by the spade of one of the new gardeners.

Our Potato Patriots.

NEARLY EVERY MAN I meet insists upon describing to me—at great length—his new-born experiences in his newly-acquired allotment garden. The funniest confession I have yet heard is that of a friend who, in the vigour of the first afternoon's labour, not only dug up his own allotment but his neighbour's also—by mistake!

Whitehall's Tripe.

THE newly-opened Government restaurant at 8, Northumberland-avenue proves that girl workers do not despise homely dishes, and sausages and mashed are on the menu frequently. Tripe and onions at 7d. are popular in those gilded halls amid the marble pillars.

THE RAMBLER.

**When Mars to Venus
homage yields.
It's often due to OKTIS
SHIELDS.**

"Oktis" Shields are real War-time economy. Now that your corsets are nearly double in price, it is doubly important that you wear "Oktis Shields, which double your charm, double your comfort, and double the life of your corsets.

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Sold by all Drapers.

RALEIGH

THE ALL-STEEL BICYCLE.

whose special features, with Dunlop tyres and Sturtevant-Archer three-speed gear, make it so much better than other bicycles. All bearings are made with tough, unbreakable core and diamond-hard surfaces, ground up from the finest steel. There are no "flats" in Raleigh bearings as in those of other bicycles, thereby ensuring perfect running, while every ball is tested to 300,000 lbs. of an inch.

GUARANTEED FOR EVER.

Prices £7 10s. to £14 14s. Send a postcard for "The Book of the Raleigh."

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"Cycling for Health," by Sir Frank Bowden, Bart., F.R.G.S., &c., 100 pp. 1s.

WAR—CONSUMPTION.

The Tubercle Bacillus is still claiming its victims, and, unfortunately, many of our men who have escaped the Hun's bullets have only done so to be claimed by this insidious germ, the Tubercle Bacillus. There is, however, a remedy to combat it, although it has not yet been officially recognised, and anyone suffering from Consumption or Tuberculosis in whatever form will be wise to write for full particulars of the Stevens' Treatment; or if full details of the case are sent a supply of the remedy itself will be despatched, specially suitable, on the distinct understanding that nothing whatever need be paid for it unless the patient be perfectly satisfied with the benefit received and considers the progress made warrants its continuance. Only address, Charles H. Stevens, 204 and 206, Worples-road, Wimbledon, London, S.W.—(Adv.).

MACKINTOSH'S

"It will nip your cough
'in the bud.'"

TOFFEE de LUXE

PRINCESS'S £80,000.

Warrant for Her Arrest for Alleged Conspiracy.

INCOME TAX ALLEGATIONS.

On the application of the Attorney-General, a warrant has been issued for the arrest of Princess de Polignac in connection with an alleged fraudulent scheme to avoid the payment of income tax.

The Princess, whose address was given as Avenue Henri Martin, Paris, was summoned at Bow-street yesterday, together with two other defendants, named Washington M. G. Singer, of Charles-street, W., and Alfred Curtis Bird, solicitor, of Bedford-row.

They were charged with conspiring together to defraud the Inland Revenue. The Princess was further charged with committing perjury, Singer with aiding, abetting and conspiring, and Bird with obtaining £254 by false pretences.

A letter from the Princess asserted her innocence, and said she would be present if possible. Certificates from two doctors stated that she was too ill to attend.

The Attorney-General (Sir F. E. Smith) asked for a warrant for her arrest, which the magistrate granted.

The Princess, counsel explained, was a widow, and sister to Mr. Washington Singer, who was a naturalised British subject.

Her income (the Attorney-General explained), as far as could be ascertained, averaged between 1908 and 1914 £80,000 a year, and it appeared that she, while anxious to reside in this country, was equally anxious to avoid payment of income tax.

The alleged perjury was committed in an affidavit sworn by the Princess. Mr. Washington Singer took a house at Chelsea, and it was given out that the Princess, a widow, would stay only a few months in the year as the guest of her brother.

The prosecution submitted that this was not so, and alleged that the Princess paid the rent, the purchase money, and the expenses involved in the acquisition of the house.

Frederick William Simpson, formerly shorthand clerk to the firm of Church, Rendall, Bird and Co., solicitors, produced a copy of an account from the books of that firm, showing the firm were making disbursements on account of the house in King's-road, Chelsea, and were reimbursed for these payments by cheques from the Princess.

The hearing was adjourned.

BOY'S IMMORTAL DEED.

Portrait of Jack Cornwell, V.C. Presented to the Admiralty.

The picture of Jack Cornwell, V.C., the gift of the National Memorial Fund, was formally presented to the Board of Admiralty at the Mansion House yesterday.

The picture depicted the boy at a gun, with the telephone to his ear, awaiting instructions. Around him lay his comrades, dead or wounded.

Mr. Salisbury explained that Cornwell's brother had sat for the picture.

LINGFIELD RACING.

The Penalised Captain Dreyfus - Successful in Tilgate Chase.

Sport was quite good at Lingfield Park yesterday. Strong Boy won the principal prize, the Sevenoaks Chase, for Mr. Wootton. More interest perhaps attached to the Tilgate Double Chase (Class 1). This was won by Mr. F. Hunt's Captain Dreyfus, who carried his heavy burden at Windsor last week successfully. Ally Sloper, the third in the War National, finished second, and General Fox National, finished third.

For the concluding day of the meeting my selections are:

1.24.5 - ATHENEY. 1.30 - ARCHIESTOWN. 1.35 - WILLIAM ORME. 2.30 - TOP HOLE. 3.0 - HOLLIS LANE. 3.25 - TEMPLEDOWN. 4.0 - LITTLE HART. 4.30 - TOWN. 5.0 - DOUBBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY. 5.0 - ARCHIESTOWN AND TOP HOLE. 5.0 - ROVERIE.

LINGFIELD PROGRAMME.

1.24.5 - HOATHLY HURDLE. 100 yards; 2m. 1.30 - PENSURST HURDLE. 100 yards; 2m. 1.35 - THE BIKIN. 1.40 - WATERGULL. 1.45 - STROM FALCON. 1.50 - ARCHIESTOWN. 1.55 - WHITE PROUD. 2.00 - WATER BED. 2.05 - POLLEN. 2.10 - ELTON. 2.15 - LONDERY. 2.20 - ROY BARROW. 2.25 - STANTON. 2.30 - HAXTED HURDLE. 100 yards; 2m. 2.35 - AGER SIMON. 2.40 - ALAMY HOP. 2.45 - GLAIS. 2.50 - STUBMIT. 2.55 - WILLIAM ROY. 3.00 - AULISY. 3.05 - AHAHON. 3.10 - PERMAN BRIDGE. 3.15 - LORD NINIAN. 3.20 - DEAN. 3.25 - TRANSVAAL. 3.30 - PENNANT. 3.35 - BELCHERS. 3.40 - THILGATE DOUBLE CHASE. Class II, 150 yards; 2m. 3.45 - THE LEPPER. 3.50 - GREEN POLON. 3.55 - BALLYMAC. 4.00 - TOP HOLE. 4.05 - MURRAY PARK. 4.10 - DENIS ANTHON. 4.15 - BALDWIN. 4.20 - WAVELEAM. 4.25 - BALDWIN'S HURDLE. 100 yards; 2m. 4.30 - BELLEVUE. 4.35 - KING OF THE MOUNT. 4.40 - AVERN. 4.45 - BRIDGE. 4.50 - GLAIS. 4.55 - HOLLIS LANE. 5.00 - HAPPY DAYS. 5.05 - PINKER. 5.10 - BLACK PRINCE. 5.15 - FAIR TRADER. 5.20 - BETHOVEN. 5.25 - AL SAY. 5.30 - WILSON. 5.35 - BIK. 5.40 - EDNA. 5.45 - POONA. 5.50 - LULLENDEN CHASE. 150 yards; 2m. 5.55 - BRIGHTON. 6.00 - BERRANTIN. 6.05 - BLACK OFF. 6.10 - MERIDIAN. 6.15 - BALLICRAVON. 6.20 - REDWOOD. 6.25 - TEMPLEDOWN. 6.30 - THE CREAM OF THE MEAT.

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THE CREAM OF THE MEAT

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PETER LYSER:

THE MAN WHO FORGOT.

(Continued from page 9.)

eagerly. He had not meant to ask the question, but it seemed to rise to his lips unawares.

Nan laughed.

"Oh, I don't know! I'm going out of town soon for a few days."

"Really!" Arnott looked absurdly disappointed. "Oh, I say," he protested, "I was hoping we were going to see a great deal of one another."

Nan looked at Peter; he was brushing some dust from the sleeve of his khaki tunic and was apparently not in the least interested in either of his companions.

Had life always got to be like this? she wondered dumbly. She felt as if there were iron bars stretched between herself and the man she loved—from bars which could never again be broken down.

It seemed impossible that she could laugh and talk with Arnott while her very heart and soul were grovelling at Lyster's feet imploring him to be kind to her, to remember her, to say one word that would save her from the depths of despair.

"I've got to go home, you see," she heard herself explaining flippantly. "Not that I want to exactly; I'm afraid I'm not a dutiful daughter really—but... well, there it is, I've got to go home for a week and bury myself in the country and be bored, and be a good girl and behave myself." She laughed with a little touch of hysteria.

Lyster looked up, and there was a sort of cynicism in his grey eyes.

"That's the general sentiment of the modern girl, isn't it?" he asked.

"Is it?" said Nan; her cheeks were scarlet, but she forced herself to laugh. "Perhaps it is—well, I'll say good-bye."

She felt as if there were a strange woman inside her body who was doing all the talking and laughing for her, and putting strange, half-fanciful words into her mouth.

"Let me know where you are going, and when, won't you?" the Arnott asked again. They were outside in the park now, and it was with a rush of relief that Nan felt the cool spring air on her burning cheeks.

"Oh, yes, I'll let you know," she answered, lightly. "I'll send you a picture postcard of the village, perhaps when I get there, shall I?"

It was a dreadful, aghast hollow of a place where I live. I always expect to find that there is some growing all over me when I come back."

"And where is this appalling spot?" Peter asked, with a ghost of a smile in his eyes.

Nan turned and looked at him. She was wondering if he would remember the name if she spoke it; she had told him about it so often, and her life at home and her lonely childhood, and the gladness with which she had escaped from her life.

Peter had been so sweet and sympathetic; he had said that some day he would make it all up to her, would make her so happy that she would forget everything that had happened before she knew him.

"It's a little place in Hertfordshire called Leavendon," she said, clearly. "I don't suppose you've ever heard of it, but—"

She broke off; John Arnott had given a war-whistle of delight.

"Leavendon!" he said. "Why, that's only two miles from my sister's place; she lives at Little Gadsdon, the next village."

There will be another fine instalment on Monday.

LINGFIELD RACING RETURNS.

1.24.5 - HERONETTES HURDLE. 2m. - THE GULLER (112, G. Hawkins), 1; Hollis Lane (100), 2; Monier (100), 3. Also ran: Miss Pleasant (21), Turbine (100), 4; King's (71), Tom Berner (81), 5; Glais and St. Max (100-8).

1.30 - SEVENOAKS CHASE. 2m. - STROMBOY (8-1, Pigott), 1; Waylax (6-1), 2; Sensitive (10-1), 3; A.E.F. (10-1), 4; Mermaid (6-1), 5; Green Falcon and Prince Edgard (10-1), 6; Drinaugh, Succubus and Veni (100-8).

2.00 - CROWHURST HURDLE. 2m. - PETERBLOO (3-1, Mr. H. Brown), 1; Ullins (100-7), 2; Sublim (100-8), 3; Also ran: Cock of the Rock (4-1), Pintadeau (6-1), Bobbery (8-1), Naxon (10-1), Whor (100-8), Smurton (100), Paul Laurie, Fred, Heche de Mer, Ruddy, Jinks, Herodotus, Sporting Parson and Meadowcroft (100-7).

2.30 - BUCKHURST CHASE. 2m. - ANTIPATER (7-1, Reardon), 1; Tom Hop (7-1), 2; 3; Also ran: Scarlet Bunting and Maria (6-1), Fashion (10-1), Sero, Hanaght, Welton, Willie Gull, Perence, Mavrouns's Gull, Sretol, Broadhead and Greedy Robert (100-6).

3.00 - WOODLAND HURDLE. 2m. - COBBLE'S WAX (11-10, Hopper), 1; Idiot (8-1), 2; Marton (10-1), 3. Also ran: Ivanhoe (7-1), Joy Day and Strickland's Lass (10-1).

3.30 - THILGATE CHASE. Class I. 3m. - CAPTAIN DREYFUS (11-10, W. Smith), 1; Ally Sloper (5-1), 2; General Fox (7-1), 3; Also ran: Bickler's Bay and Kenia (6-1), Lord Marcus (10-1).

At the Ring to-night Private Bob Scanlon (170th Infantry of France) will meet Harry Knight (Marblehead) in a fifteen-round contest, and Private Alf Heath will oppose Instructor G. Goddard in a ten-round bout.

Exerciating Pain Stopped

Sloan's Liniment is the swiftest pain-killer that has ever been known. No matter how severe the pain may be, or how long you have been suffering, a few drops of Sloan's Liniment will ease the pain at once. There's no need to rub it in—it penetrates itself.

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THE LONG TRAIL: BY MR. BOTTOMLEY, IN 'SUNDAY PICTORIAL'

Daily Mirror

NURSE DECORATES YOUNG ANZAC.



Miss Janet Lawrie, commandant of a Finchley hospital, decorating Gunner Eric Herring, a nineteen-year-old Australian, with the Military Medal. He worked all day in the open repairing telephone wires.

RESULT OF THEATRICAL DIVORCE SUIT.



Mr. Lotinga.



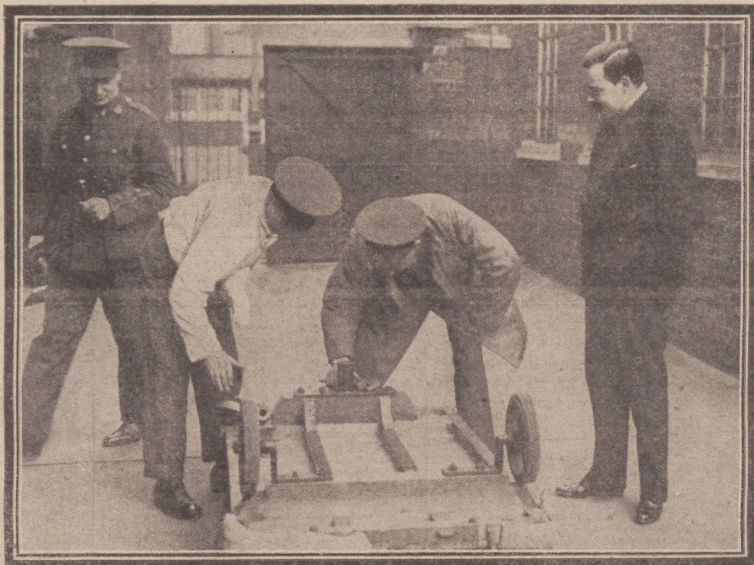
Mrs. Lotinga.



Mr. Norworth.

Mr. Ernest Lotinga was yesterday granted a decree nisi and awarded £100 damages against the co-respondent, Mr. Jack Norworth, an actor. Mrs. Lotinga, said counsel, was known as Miss Hetty King.

A NOVEL TREATMENT FOR THE WOUNDED.



King Manoel, who is an honorary member of the staff, watching two one-handed men at work.



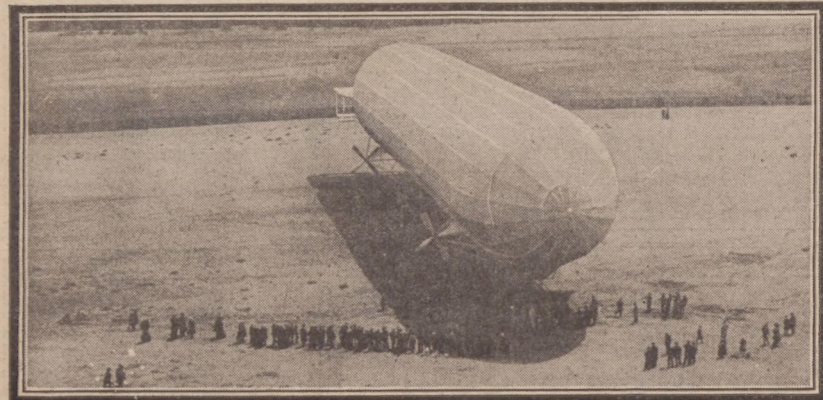
Making his own wooden leg.



Appliance made by an artilleryman.

Unconventional methods of treatment have been tried, with the greatest success, at the Military Orthopaedic Hospital at Shepherd's Bush, where the patients' hands and minds are kept busy at some congenial employment, which prevents them brooding over their injuries. Sapper Rigby, R.E., for instance, is making himself a wooden leg, while the artilleryman has made an appliance for an officer patient. King Manoel takes the deepest interest in the institution, and is providing it with a gymnasium at his own expense.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

WILL IT WIN ANOTHER D.S.O. FOR A BRITISH AIRMAN?



A new Zeppelin arriving from the works at its new base. The length of its career depends largely on whether it risks a flight to Paris or England.

OFFICER AND FIVE MEN MISSING.



Pte. S. Wooten (Dorsetshire Regiment). Write to Wooten at 10, Philip-street, Bath, Somerset.



Pte. R. W. Moste (Buffs). Write to Mrs. Moste at 114, Charles-street, Ilkley-road, Oxford.



Lee-Cpl. W. E. Marshall (Royal Fusiliers). Write to E. Marshall at 2, Bath-road, Box, Wiltshire.



Pte. P. A. Reeve (Suffolk Regt.). Write to Miss E. Reeve at 7, Cranes-drive, Surbiton, Surrey.



Pte. H. L. Paterson (Buffs), wounded and missing. Write to 10, Victor-road, Holloway, London, N.



2nd Lieut. C. A. R. Shum (R.F.C.). Write to Mrs. Shum, Rodysmoor, East Molesley, Surrey.